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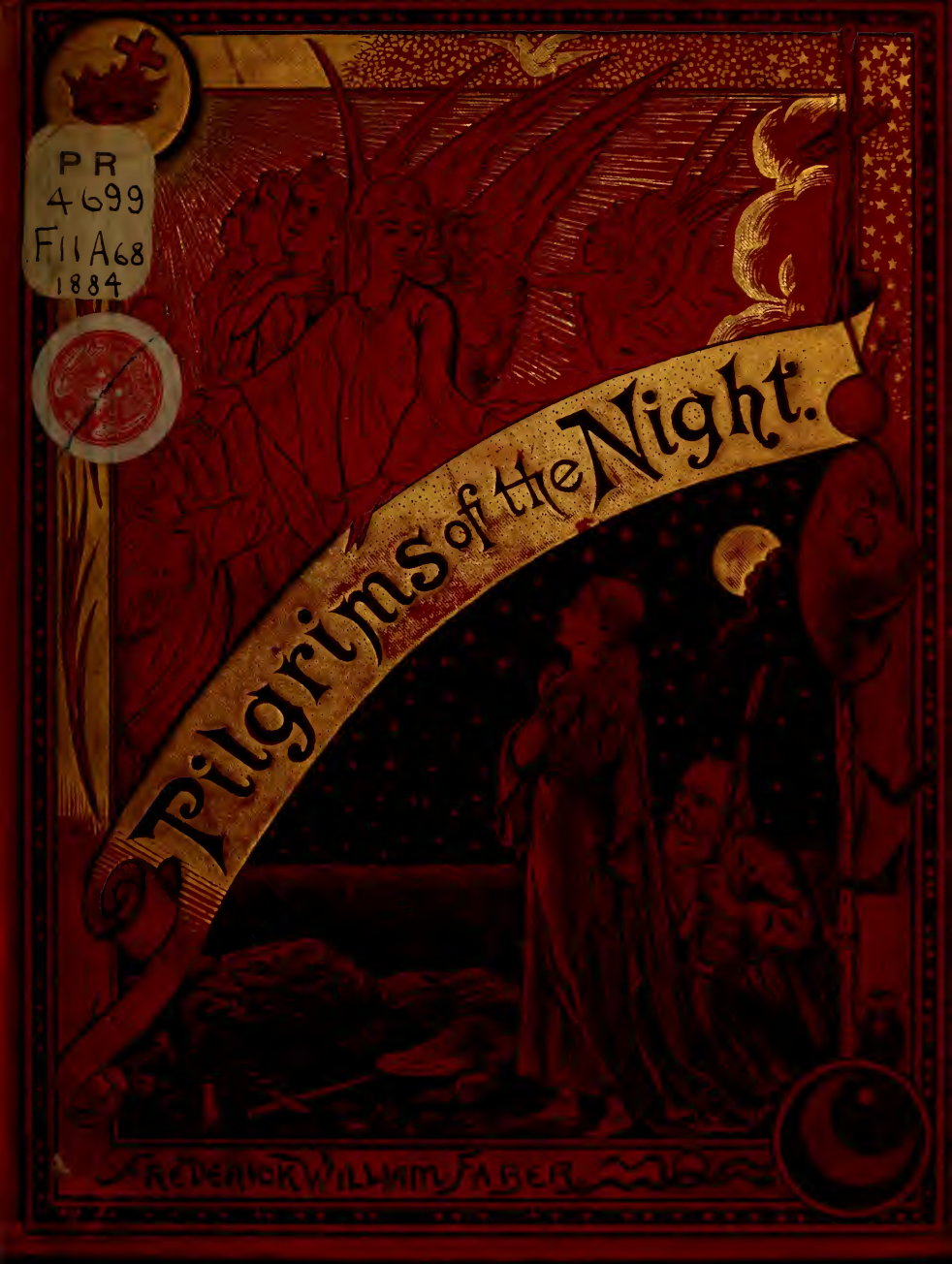

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Pilgrims of the Night

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
39 WEST TWENTY THIRD STREET
1884

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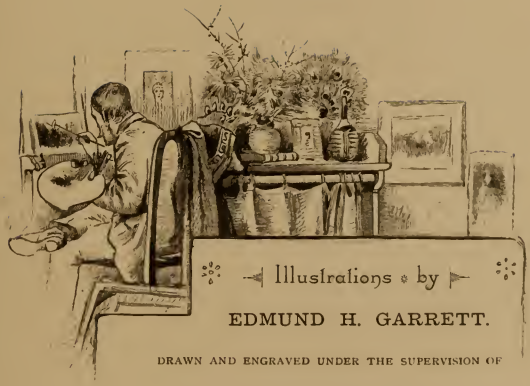
FEW hymns have a finer lyrical quality, or a sweeter echo through consecrated walls, than Faber's "Pilgrims of the Night." Its very mention calls up visions of white-robed choristers and singing multitudes; and the lines teem with pictures so ready for a loving pencil, that the only difficulty is in knowing which to choose, and where to stop.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER was born at Calverley, Yorkshire, England, June 28, 1814, and died at London, September 26, 1863. He began his career as a clergyman of the English Church, but eventually followed John Henry Newman into that of Rome, which has a strong attraction for a certain class of poetic, enthusiastic minds. His prose works are little read outside of the church in which they were written; but his poems, among which are several favorite hymns, have found wide and loving acceptance. They are full of that beauty of holiness which devout hearts everywhere are quick to feel, and glad to acknowledge.



Illustrations by

EDMUND H. GARRETT.

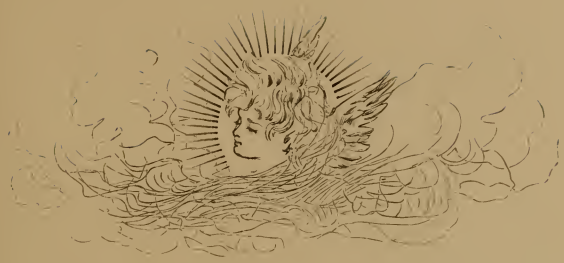
DRAWN AND ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

GEORGE T. ANDREW.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

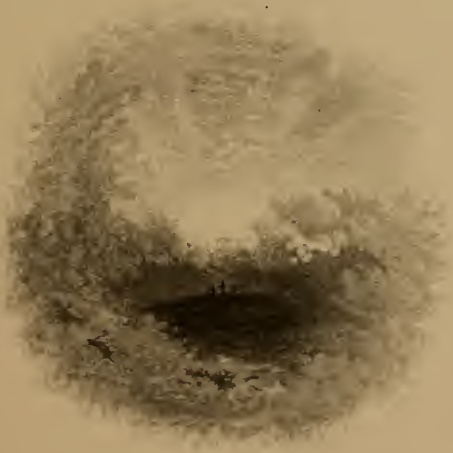
HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

CHORUS. — Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!



Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.



Far, far away,
like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus
sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls,
by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd!
turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length;
though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn,

and darksome night be past;
All journeys end
in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven,
the heart's true home,
will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul!
faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;

And it will cheer
thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

Chorus. — Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

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